

STRIKING SIOUX FACES.

PICTURES OF AMERICAN ABORIGINES THAT WILL BE INTERESTING.

Walter Wellman Makes a Requisition on a Washington Photograph Gallery, and the Result is Here Offered the Reader. Some Out of the Way Information.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, July 11.—It is a singular fact that in Bell's great national photograph gallery in this city, where the famous beauties and famous men of the last quarter century have sat before the



RED CLOUD.

camera, the "finest" negative ever taken was that of an American Indian. Among presidents, senators, orators, supreme court judges and foreign ministers the face and head of Red Cloud stand forth conspicuous as the most interesting and artistic study. Old Red Cloud is now at his home in Dakota, almost beyond the frontiers of civilization, trying his best to get from the government a good and reasonable price for the lands of his people, but his photograph, standing in the show window of Bell's shop, is one of the best known pictures in the national capital.

Occasionally Red Cloud comes down here to see the "great father," but he no longer wears the picturesque dress in which we see him in this picture. Now he wears a full suit of "store" clothes, as do all of the Indians who come here. In fact, this photograph gallery contains good evidence of the evolution of civilization among our Indian tribes. Chief Operator Dodge has framed a set of photographs which show at a glance the rapid progress made by Indian chieftains in the acquirement of European dress and customs.

The first stage is represented by such noble and picturesque heads as those of Red Cloud, Lean Wolf and Rushing Eagle. A few years ago all the Indians who came to Washington on business with the government wore in traveling common blankets, skin leggings, moccasins and shirts. Their "full dress" of war bonnets, head feathers, etc., they



LEAN WOLF.

brought along tied up with thongs, to be donned on all state or ceremonial occasions, such as a visit to the White House, the office of the secretary of the interior, or the photographer's.

The second stage is shown in such faces as that of Little Beaver, who had donned the white man's waistcoat, laundered shirt, trousers, collar and necktie, but who was unwilling to give up his blanket, his single head feather, the fantastic adornment of the two long braids and his raven hair.

The third stage is represented by courtly old Medicine Bull, a Lower Brule Sioux, who gave up everything but his blanket and moccasins. He took on the overcoat, the collar and even the light walking stick of his white friend, but no entreaty could prevail on him to abandon the soft and easy footdress which he had worn all his life for the stiff boots or shoes of civilization.



MEDICINE BULL.

Medicine Bull is very proud of his photograph taken in his combination costume, and has already ordered four dozen prints from the negative to distribute among his friends at Hampton college, and a very bright young man, is also proud of the picture and orders a new supply of prints two or three times a year.

The fourth stage of evolution, complete European dress, is well shown by the photographs of American Horse and Standing Bear, and of grim old Standing Cloud. This veteran warrior was so fond of the product of the photographer's art that he used to spend hours at a time in Bell's gallery, gazing with undisguised admiration at the thousands of pictures on the

walls and watching with great interest the "sitting" in the operating room. He was particularly fond of the photographs of Indian chiefs, and, knowing the location of the large drawer in which they are kept, used to come in lay after day, bringing along one or another of his Indian friends to pass a pleasant hour looking the pictures over. As a rule, the Indian in a photograph gallery refuses to display any curiosity or interest. He is not willing to have it appear that he is a tyro in the art, but tries hard to assume an air of indifference born of long experience. Standing Cloud is the single exception to this rule known to the traditions of Bell's gallery, wherein several hundred Indians have been photographed. Inquisitiveness shines out in the old fellow's face as a predominant characteristic, and one is not surprised to hear that while his companions were sitting grimly in a corner of the gallery smoking their long pipes and occasionally grunting out some half expressed comment, Standing Cloud was moving about inspecting everything and asking the interpreter no end of questions. Notwithstanding his great curiosity, however, nothing could induce him to go into the "dark room." That odorous place he evidently regarded as the seat of a black and uncanny art, and nothing would he have to do with it.

Red Cloud and his picturesque brethren do not have to pay for the photographs which they get in Washington. Mr. Bell makes each of his Indian subjects a present of a dozen cabinets, as he can well afford to do, since there is a very good sale for these photographs, particularly in Europe. England alone buys thousands every year, and now orders are beginning to come in from Paris. Perhaps the Buffalo Bill rage in the French capital may have something to do with this.



RUSHING EAGLE.

One of the perquisites of fame is free photography. Presidents, judges, senators, congressmen, get their pictures without price. Bell, Prince, Jarvis and other leading photographers here are constantly sending out invitations to public men to come for a sitting. As a rule the subjects yield readily, but occasionally an obstinate man resists a dozen solicitations. Just now Mr. Bell is trying to get Postmaster General Wanamaker before the camera. Wanamaker has had but one photograph taken of himself in a dozen years, and says he will not have another for a dozen more. Yet Bell may get him. He was three years in getting a sitting from Mr. Cleveland, but after the late president had broken the ice and seen his pictures he became positively fond of the counterfeited presentation of himself and ordered prints by the score.

Bell & Prince have enjoyed a practical monopoly of the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's photographs from original negatives. Mr. Bell says the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's pictures has exceeded in numbers that of any other person in America, and probably that of any other person in the world. Just after the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield there was a tremendous demand for their photographs, but for four years the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's picture has continued almost without interruption. To this day orders are received not only from all parts of the United States, but from Canada, Europe and even South America. No one is competent to estimate the number sold, but it must run up into the millions.

"I firmly believe," says Mr. Bell, "one photograph of Mrs. Cleveland has been sold for every family in the United States."

Since her marriage Mrs. Cleveland has probably had a greater number of sittings than any other woman in America, possibly excepting a few actresses. Bell has had from her twenty-seven sittings, and Prince about twenty. In nearly every case of a new sitting it was made at the urgent request of Mr. Cleveland or of friends who desired to have her picture in a certain costume or position. Mrs. Cleveland was very good natured about it, and while not at all afflicted with vanity, was willing to sit as often as she could by so doing give pleasure to her husband, her friends or the public.



LITTLE BEAVER.

Washington photographers say the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's photograph continues at a larger volume than Mrs. Harrison's, while there is very little demand for Mr. Cleveland. Chief Justice Fuller's photograph is now selling next to Mrs. Cleveland's, and is one of the most popu-

lar pictures ever made in the gallery, though still, of course, far behind Logan, Sheridan and Grant in aggregate output. The chief justice's many admirers may be glad to know that in the opinion of Operator Dodge, whose opinion surely is worth something, Mr. Fuller's face is, after Red Cloud's, the finest one from an artistic standpoint in the gallery. "It is not only a fine face," says Mr. Dodge, "it is really a beautiful face. I like to have sittings from the chief justice. He is affable, jocular and withal so admirable a subject. And such an interesting subject!"



TWO MOONS. AMERICAN HORSE.

The supreme justices are all photographed in their gowns. Usually they come to the gallery in carriages, bringing their gowns with them, but shortly before his death Chief Justice Waite surprised everybody by walking in with his black gown rolled under his arm, a feat which his even more Democratic successor has imitated.

Almost without exception the faces displayed in this national gallery are the faces of living men, and of men who are prominently before the public eye. It is strange how completely the famous man of one day is forgotten the next. The faces of Logan, Arthur, Grant, Sheridan, Garfield and Hayes have disappeared from view. All the great statesmen of the rebellion and reconstruction era are without places on these long walls. The public, particularly the picture buying public, is notoriously fickle, and the photograph dealer finds no profit in displaying the countenances of fallen stars and of sons that have set.

As men disappear, even though gradually, from public notoriety, their photographs are removed to the rear of the store. The back walls represent many disappointed ambitions, many blasted careers. New men are continually coming forward to take the place of honor in the show window next the street. Yet, as Mr. Bell well remarks, one can never tell when it will be necessary to take some face down from the rear wall and place it at the very front. An instance of this is found in the case of President Harrison. Two years ago he was on the back wall. He had been defeated in his contest for re-election to the senate, had retired from public sta-



STANDING CLOUD.

tion to his law office. He was looked upon from the photographer's point of view as a "back member." And yet, with one turn of the wheel of political fortune, he "bobbed up serenely from below," and all the world wanted his portrait.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A Remarkable New Hybrid Rose. The agricultural editor of The World writes as follows about a rose seen recently at the experiment grounds of The Rural New Yorker: It is one of the hybrids resulting from a cross between Rosa Rugosa, a single rose of five pink petals, well known to everybody, and Harrison's yellow, a semi-double sort equally familiar. The flower of the new hybrid is almost identical in color and fragrance with that of Gen. Jacqueminot. It is of medium size and quite double. The bush is entirely hardy, with leaflets larger in size than the mother plant, Rugosa, and of texture somewhat similar. It is also a perpetual and prolific bloomer. The specimen seen, a bush about four feet high, had on it at one time by actual count over one hundred and fifty buds. This rose is not only remarkable as the result of a highly interesting experiment, but because it promises to be of great practical value, filling as it does the popular demand for a hardy, perpetual and prolific bloomer of roses attractive in color and odor.

His Reason for It. Will—Harry doesn't seem very cordial today; did you notice how coldly he spoke to us as he passed? I wonder what's the matter? Bill—Don't you see he's wearing his silk hat for the first time?—Time.

She Had Him There. Mr. Hobbs—I see that a Newport, Pa., farmer has a hairless calf on exhibition. What a remarkable freak that is! Mrs. Hobbs—Remarkable! Why, you're bald headed yourself. John—Minneapolis Tribune.

An Entucky Title. Jones—I'm writing a new book which I shall call "The Prince of Fools." Brown—An autobiography, I presume. —Omaha World.

LOVE ME.

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Words by JOAQUIN MILLER.

Music by JOHN WIEGAND.

Musical score for 'Love Me' with lyrics: p 1. Love me, love, but breathe it low, Soft as summer weath... er; 2. Tell me on - ly with your eyes, Words are cheap as wa... ter; If you love me, tell me so, As... we sit to - geth... er; If you love me, looks and sighs Tell my moth - er's daugh... er. Sweet and still as ros - es blow— Love me, love, but More than all the world may know— Love me, love, and breathe... it low; Sweet and still as ros - es blow— Love me, love, but breathe... it low; More than all the world may know— Love me, love, and breathe it low. love, but breathe it low. love, and breathe it low.

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